

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,  
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Titus.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,  
He diue into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

*Marcus* we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,  
Nobig-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops size,  
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:  
And sith theres no iustice in earth nor hell,  
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods,  
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:  
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

*He giues them the Arrowes.*

*Ad Iouem*, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,

*Ad Martem*, thats for my selfe,

Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoote against the winde.

Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,

Of my word, I haue written to effect,

Theres not a God left vnfollicited.

*Marcus* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,  
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

*Titus.* Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,  
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

*Marc.* My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,  
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

*Titus.* Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

*Marcus.* This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,  
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,  
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And who should finde them but the Empreffe villaine:  
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose  
But giue them to his maister for a present.

*Titus.* Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

*Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pidgions in it.*

*Titus.* Newes, newes from heauen,  
*Marcus* the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters?

Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iupiter*?

*Clowne.* Ho the Libbetmaker, hee sayes that he hath ta-  
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till  
the next weeke.

*Titus.* But what saies *Iupiter* I aske thee?

*Clowne.* Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:

I neuer dranke with him in all my life:

*Titus.* Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

*Clowne.* I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

*Titus.* Why, didst thou not come from heauen?

*Clowne.* From heauen I alas sir, I neuer came there,  
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my  
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to  
take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of  
the Emperialls men.

*Marcus.* Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your  
Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgions to the Emperour  
from you.

*Titus.* Tell mee can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-  
perour with a grace?

*Clowne.* Nay truly sir, I could neuer say grace in all my  
life.

*Titus.* Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

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But